Loves Triumph,

OR,

The Royal Union:

A Tragedy.

WRITTEN

By *EDWARD COOKE* Esq;

AND DEDICATED TO

HER HIGHNESS

The Princess of Orange.

——— ——— *amicus dulcis, ut æquum est,*
Cum mea compenset vitiis bona: pluribus hisce
(Si modo plura mihi bona sunt) inclinet: amari
Si volet: hac lege, in trutina ponetur eadem.
Hor. Serm. Satyr. 3.

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TO

HER HIGHNESS

The Most Illustrious MARY, Princess of Orange, &c.

May it please Your Highness,

The knowledge I have of my own weakness in things of this nature, together with that awful Respect which ought to be had in all such neer approaches to Sacred Majesty, *might very reasonably have dash'd in me the first thoughts of this extream presumption of lifting up my eyes to Your* Highness; *and so in truth those considerations had: but that I was reliev'd by the power of that excessive Clemency, which has ever appear'd most Familiar in You, and which indeed seems to be Natural and Hereditary to all of the* Royal Circle.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

'Tis from that, Madam, *I hope to obtain of Your* Highness *my Pardon, for* [*otherwise*] *so inexcusable an Arrogance; since it was Your infinite Goodness that gave me leave in this mean trifle to pay You the Religion of my Zeal.*

Be pleas'd then to receive this Poem (an absolute stranger to the World, being not yet seen upon the publick Theatre) with that Generosity and Grace You are always ready to bestow upon the Unfortunate and Fair: and such Your Highness *knows were* Oroondates *and* Statira, *who now being forc'd again from the peaceful Shades of their happy Retirement, do throw themselves at Your Princely Feet, with the Reverence and Humility of Idolaters, devoutly begging their Protection might be in Your* Highness's *Umbrage, as in the only place where they can best be secur'd from the envy, if I may not venture to say, malice of persecuting Censors: being sure that no outrages dare then be committed upon them by any of the most malignant, when once Your* Highness *shall please to take upon You the interest of their preservation.*

For so Illustrious, Madam, *and highly eminent is Your Birth (being derived from the first Prince of the* Royal Blood, *and from the only Brother to the best and greatest* Monarch *in the World) that You naturally inspire into all people the extremity of an universal Submission and Respect: that Veneration which they with constraint do yield to others, they, out of an impatient eagerness to acquit themselves of their duty, do voluntarily pay to Your* Highness, *and with an Ambition commensurate to nothing upon Earth, except it be Your Supreme Quality, they are daily striving to sacrifize their* Hearts *and utmost* Faculties *upon that Altar.*

But, Madam, *besides the great advantage of* Your Royal Birth, Your Highness *is indowed with so vast a number of excelling Charms, as that they cannot be lookt upon without dazle-ing and adoration, even by those who are themselves most Adorable: There is in* Your Highness's Looks, *such a Shine and Lustre of Beauty, as is not to be resembled by any thing below a Divinity; and as the brightness and glory of it, like*

the

the Sun, delights and refreſhes the eyes of all Mankind; ſo al-ſo You *have mixt with it ſuch a Fierceneſs and grand Air of* Majeſty, *that, like a Divinity too, you cannot be beheld with-out fear and trembling. This,* Madam, *is the Unanimous Suffrage of all the Happy world that have yet been bleſt with a Sight of Your Incomparable Perfections. Every way your Beauty is triumphant; there is ſuch a ſweet compoſure of great-neſs and delicacy in your eyes, that You equally make all hearts to languiſh and conſume in their devotion to You.*

But Your Highneſs *hath not only the attractions of Birth and Beauty to ſupport Your Empire (though where e're thoſe Beams are ſcattered, they injoyn Obedience) but you have alſo the extreameſt Vertue to continue its duration; that Vertue,* Madam, *of pure and unſpotted Innocence, Honour, and Good-neſs, which (joyn'd to the happineſs of Your Flouriſhing Youth) brings You as near to the Reſemblance of Heaven, as it is poſſible for any thing of humanity ever to think to attain.*

And yet, Madam, *theſe are not all the Bleſſings for which you ought to be rever'd: Such Birth, Beauty, and Vertue were never intended only for a private enjoyment: therefore the moſt infinite Wiſe and Indulgent Heaven, has been pleas'd to make on purpoſe a Perſon of peculiar Charms to be fitting for You; and for the laſt completion of happineſs, ſaw nothing more wor-thy than to contract the greateſt Union that ever was, between the two moſt Illuſtrious Houſes of* York *and* Naſſau, *in the Per-ſons of your* Highneſs, *and the Great Prince of* Orange; *two ſuch Glorious Characters, as that the largeſt Account of Ro-mantick Story has never yet preſum'd to ſay, were match'd to-gether.*

Both your Divine and Goodly Qualities are ſo numerous, and yet united, that, like a Deity, you can never be ador'd but in all your Attributes: And, Madam, *both of you muſt continu-ally expect to receive the Prayers and Wiſhes of all Mankind, for the renew'd Acceſſions of your, if poſſible, more flouriſhing Felicities.*

But, Madam, *Heaven has not only been consulting to make You, and your Prince happy; it has likewise been considering the happiness of the whole* Kingdom *of* ENGLAND, *as also that of all the High and Mighty* Neighbour-States *in this Affair: We are in some measure sharers of your Glory; and (if your* Highness *will bear with me in the Expression on the general behalf) will not give you the whole Monopoly of it; no, our Hearts must have the priviledge of rejoycing too; for the lighting of this Nuptial Torch is such a Blessing bestow'd upon us all, as is incapable of Addition: and nothing in the World can dare to pretend to any equality with it, unless it be the greatness of that Joy, which every moment grows new, and increases more upon us.*

For Your Highness *is joyned to a Prince, that seems, as it were, to be divested of his Humanity; he is so God-like in his Vertues, and all his Actions; a Prince of such dazeling Brightness in his Glory and Renown, as is impossible to be exprest, except we set down what ever is accounted excellent, and that He is. A Prince that knew how to Conquer, before the World could reasonably imagine he was capable of weilding His Sword. His Countenance is so Martial, that it plainly expresses the great Courage he hath, not to know what Fear is in himself; and yet can strike a General Dread and Consternation in others; so that he needs not be obliged to the use of Arms to Conquer his Enemies, for he can easily gain the Victory over them when ere he pleases but to imploy the Terror of his Looks. But yet withal, He has such Grace-full and Winning Charms, as none is able to behold him without Admiration. Such Justness and Regularity, is in his Shape and Meen, such Sweetness in his Motions, and such a Generous Condescention in all His ways; that he does not so much make to himself Slaves by the Force of His Valour, as he does cause all Hearts to become Tributary to him by His Obliging and Familiar Address.*

But,

But, Madam, *I find how insufficient I am to speak of either of your Princely Vertues as I ought, and therefore fear I have already too much offended your* Highness *in what I have said of them; being so vastly inferiour to their particular Merit, that, methinks, this small Attempt has made me guilty of a very high profanation. The Honour of so extraordinary an Employment ought to be reserved for some more happy Genius, that can ascend to your Excellencies, and my temerity would not be excusable, if I did not bound it with my earnest Prayers for both your present and eternal Felicities; being*

Of Your HIGHNESS,

The most Humble, and most

Obedient Servant,

EDWARD COOKE.

ACTORS NAMES.

Oroondates, Prince of *Scythia*, in love with *Statira*.

Artaxerxes, Prince of *Persia*, in love with *Berenice*.

Lysimachus, in love with *Parisatis*.

Perdiccas, *Cassander*, *Seleucus*, *Nearchus*, } *Alexander*'s Successors.

Arbates, *Roxana*'s Confident.

WOMEN.

Statira, *Roxana*, } Widdows of *Alexander*, { in love with *Oroondates*, and slighted by him.

Parisatis, *Statira*'s Sister.

Berenice, *Oroondates* Sister.

Cleone, *Apamia*, *Hesione*, } Confident to { *Statira*. *Parisatis*. *Roxana*. }

Souldiers, *Officers*, *Messengers*, *Guards*, and *Attendants*.

SCENE

BABILON, in the PALLACE of *ROXANA*.

Love's

Loves Triumph,

OR,

The Royal Union:

A Tragedy.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Pallace Royal.

Roxana, *Hesione*, *Attendants.*

Rox. THus the Repose which I but now enjoy'd,
Is by the malice of my Fate destroy'd:
And it is false *Perdiccas*, who has been
That Traitor, to the quiet of his Queen.

Hes. But are these Sisters then preserv'd alive?

Rox. Yes, He did my too credulous eyes deceive,

By th' blood of two condemned Slaves he ſpilt:
The juſt reward of their unpardon'd guilt.
But did my Int'reſts and his Oaths deſpiſe,
To pay his Tribute to *Statira's* eyes,
Whom he ador'd: ——— Her Siſter did pertake,
His Mercy only for my Rival ſake,
But though he, to eſtabliſh his deſign,
Did build his fortune on the wrecks of mine;
Yet now the Powr's above have overthrown
Them both, in the advancement of their own.
Sending their Brother and their Lover's Arms,
To give to our proud walls their fierce allarms:
And they his Priſoners with ſuch pow'r demand,
As He, nor *Babilon* can long withſtand:
And this unwelcome noiſe I fear declares,
They and the Empire are already theirs.

{ *Trumpets ſounding, and ſhouts within of* Victoria.

Heſ. Madam, We know not what the Fates have done,
Perhaps they have confirm'd you in the Throne.
Oh! how her Jealouſie with Rage now burns!
Love and Ambition torture her by turns. ——— { *Aſide.*

Rox. They muſt be taken priſ'ners firſt, for we,
Till then, can never hope for Victorie:
Fortune their Arms with bleſt ſucceſs does guide,
And Conqueſt, like a Slave, attends their ſide.
Methinks, I ſee fierce *Oroondates* now,
Triumphant with wreath'd Lawrels on his brow,
Advancing to me in an angry form,
And ſpeaking in the Language of a ſtorm.

SCENE II.

Enter Arbates *haſtily.*

Arb. Prince *Oroondates*, Madam, ———
Rox. ——— What's our doom?
And has he ——— tell us ——— Are we overcome?

Arb.

Arb. Diſpel ſuch goundleſs fears, cauſeleſs alarmes,
Succeſs, and Victory wait on your Armrs.
Rox. Kind Fates! Ohgood *Arbates* ſoon declare:
Oh! ſpeak, and free *Roxana* from her fear!
Arb. Great *Oroondates*'s taken. ——
Rox. —— Is it true?
Arb. *Neander's* bringing him to wait on you.
Rox. Ah! To what Miracles are we oblig'd?
Arb. So ſoon as e're our Rampiers were beſig'd,
We on our Foes our barbed darts did pour,
Thick as driv'n Hail in a tempeſtuous ſhowr.
Long time they did ſupport the violent ſhock,
The Tempeſt beat, as on a ſenſeleſs Rock,
Upon their ſhields, then broke, and downards fell,
As if their ſhields had born Fates ſtrong-wrought ſpell.
Yet with a courage that ſtill dar'd their Fat,
They to our Battlements clapt Ladders ſtrait;
Strait mounted, but on them ſuch ſtones we hurl'd,
As numbers headlong ſent to th' lower world;
Whoſe pond'rous load on the Aſſailants bent,
Beſtow'd at once both Death and Monument.
Great *Oroondates* then, whoſe glorious Fame
Proclaim'd his ſword as dreadful as his Name;
Brake through the crowds, and with his voice did breath
Thunder, and 's arm at every ſtroke gave Death.
Then ——
Rox. —— Relate what that Prodigious Prince did do:
I know Fate's wonders muſt his arms purſue.
Arb. Ran up his Ladder ——
And on the walls, himſelf he nimbly throwes,
In ſpight of the reſiſtance of his foes.
Our ſouldiers ſtrait fell back at ſight of him,
Amaz'd to ſee a valour ſo ſublime;
Th' undaunt'd Prince ruſht on, and could afford
No time of pauſe to his inſatiate ſword.

And though with odds surrounded, yet did show
Himself still dreadful by some slaught'ring blow.
But lifting up his mighty arm to deal
His fury on a Casque of well-wrought Steel;
His sword proves false at that revenging stroke,
And short in two the treach'rous weapon broke.

Rox. In what strange wonders is his Fate involv'd!
Wonders that have my fears for him dissolv'd.

Arb. The disarm'd Prince inrag'd at this surprise,
Shot Dragon-like, fierce light'ning from his eyes:
The pressing Crowd strait bore him to the ground,
His Sinewy arms pinion'd behind him bound.
I ask'd the souldiers greedy of their prey,
Whither they meant their pris'ner to convey;
Some to *Perdiccas* cry'd, ——— But I besought,
That he might to *Perdiccas* Queen be brought:
'Twas granted, and I hither came to know,
If you would have him brought before you now.

Rox. to Hes. Ah! my *Hesione*, it is not fit
For us to see this dang'rous Conqu'ror yet.
In th' Interim the Prince shall be your care; (*To Arb.*)
And all things worthy his high birth prepare.
His Lodgings shall be o're our Pallace Gate,
And half our guards shall on his person wait.
Go, be his conduct thither, and be sure
To keep him from all Visiters secure, —
Till you have orders from me, for I mean,
He shall not by *Perdiccas* yet be seen. [*Exit Arb.*]

SCENE III.

Enter *Perdiccas.*

Rox. I've heard our Enemies have quit the ground,
And that your Arms have been with Conquest crown'd:

Thanks

Thanks to your Valour with the God's ſucceſs;
We now, I hope, ſhall live a while in Peace.
Brave *Oroondates's* taken. ——
Perd. ——— How! Is He?
Rox. Yes, and beeome a priſ'ner too to me.
On us kind Fortune equallydoes ſhine,
For I your Rival have, as you have mine:
Forget not our agreement then, what e're
Of claim you have in him, I have in her.
As I have never yet a trouble been,
To you in your deſigns upon the Queen;
So I expect you ſhould as little be
Mine, in what may concern the Prince and Me.
Perd. He, who with hazad of his life would do
You ſervice, Madam, ne'r will trouble you.
Nor can I leſs then *Oroondates* give,
To Her, who me does fair *Statira* leave.
May Heav'n make him to you be much more kind,
Then yet to me I can the Princeſs find:
She after all does unrelenting prove,
But may he have a value for your Love.
Rox. If you are generous, you will forbear
A Viſit to him, and a while defer:
His preſence may in you a paſſion move,
He is your Rival, — but he's one I love.
Perd. To your commands I due regards ſhall give,
And will not ſee him till I have your leave.

SCENE IV.

Enter *an Officer.*

Offic. Madam, our foes have great *Seleucus* ſent
And with him Valorous *Nearchus*, ——
They wait without. ———

Rox. Go

Rox. Go, good *Perdiccas*, and to them declare,
We earneſtly deſire to ſee them here.
Exit Perdiccas.

SCENE V.

Re-enter *Perdiccas*, with *Seleucus* and *Nearchus*,
They kneel, and kiſs the Queen's hands.

Rox. You'r welcome back, my Lords, your Chains, I ſee,
Are now ſtruk off. ———
Sel. ——— Thanks to the Enemy.
Rox. We ſolemnly vow'd your deliverance,
But were controul'd by the meer ſpight of chance:
Which ne'r to us would ſo much pow'r allow,
As to inable us to perform that Vow.
Sel. Yes, *Madam*, wiſhes do ſuppoſe a want,
But idle pow'r betrayes the will is ſcant.
Rox. Our will was ſtrongly, for your int'reſt bent.
Near. Small force is ſtrong, where that is violent.
Rox. We had deſign'd too morrow for the day.
Sel. Great ills might come by ſuch a long delay.
Too day is only ours, too morrow light,
Might ſee us buried in eternal night.
Rox. We in your cauſe, it ſeems, have mov'd too ſlow.
Near. Much danger from protracting time does grow.
We have great Reaſon, *Madam*, to reſent.
Rox. Well you ſhall have your wiſhes complement.
Sit down, my Lords, and tell us your deſires,
And what of us the Enemy requires.
Sel. We do demand the Prince, your priſ'ner,
And, Madam, that's the buſineſs brings us here.
Rox. Cruel *Seleucus*! you more Barb'rous prove,
Than can our foes, —— thus for the Prince to move.
Perd. Madam, I think their ſatisfaction muſt
Not be deſpiſ'd, but given them, 'tis juſt.

And

And though you know how much my int'reſt does
Decline his freedom, and his fetters chooſe;
Yet is their Virtue and high Merit ſuch,
To grant all they can ask is not too much.
And, Madam, if you pleaſe, I willingly
Conſent that *Oroondates* ſhould be free.

Rox. Begin with yours, *Perdiccas*, and let go
Statira, — you don't know what I may do.

Perd. Madam, for her releaſe they do not treat. —

Rox. No; if they did, I 'd eaſily ſubmit.
She would as weak before our walls appear,
As now ſhe does, being your cloſe priſoner:
But *Oroondates* is *a Scythian* born,
And One our abſolute defeat has ſworn:
The greateſt of our enemies will be,
And we are ruin'd, if we ſet him free.
But whilſt as priſ'ner we the Prince detain,
We may an advantagious Treaty gain
From their extremity. — and let their fate
More ſlow, — I'm ſure Neceſſity can't wait.

Perd. By keeping him, we may more damage do
Unto our ſelves, than did we let him go.
Madam, ———.

Rox. It is my pleaſure that He ſtay.

— *Perd.* If you decree it ſo, then I obey.

Sel. Do you no more our ſervices regard?
Are ſlights for loyalty the due reward?
Is it becauſe among the dead we lay,
Mangled with wounds, and neer as cold as they;
Whilſt thoſe, who now diſpoſe of us, did flie,
And found theſe Walls their only ſanctuary?
When all their ſpirits droop'd, and almoſt dead,
Againſt a conqu'ring Army to make head,
Alone I rallied our defeated Troops,
And fleſh'd their flagging courage, with freſh hopes.
Did e're *Seleucus* ſuch a fear declare,

As

As might perſwade his flight in either war?
He ſingſly did againſtyour foes diſpute,
And Conqueſt made to waver in a doubt.
Are his deep wounds grown ſhallow in your eyes?
His bleeding ſcars how eas'ly you deſpiſe!
And can you think to meet his friendſhip ſtill,
After you have rewarded it ſo ill?

Rox. No I perceive you with the Foe would joyne,
And only to their fortunes yours incline:
And ſince, *Seleucus*, that's your wiſh'd deſire,
When e're you pleaſe, you freely may retire.

Sel. We muſt obſerve the ſolemn Vow we paſt;
— But there's no need to keep the Prince ſo faſt.

Rox. The Foe in vain of his Return does boaſt,
To get him they ſhall be at greater coſt.
And yours more eaſily we can allow,
Than the exchange, to which you'd have us bow.

Sel. Since raſhly thus our loyalty you ſcorn,
We'll go, but with our forces we'll return;

Near: Then, *Madam*, you may wiſh perhaps, too late,
That you had us'd us at a kinder rate. [*Ex: Sel: & Near:*]

SCENE VI.

Rox. They threaten hard, my Lord, but let them do
Their worſt, — They can but turn unto the Foe.
I'll truſt my fate, and all their aids defy:
Pow'r ne'r is ſtrong, that's built on treachery.
Let them take heed, — They to their coſt ſhall know
What fury ſharp'ned by contempt can do.

Perd. But ſhould theſe Lords t'our Enemies retreat,
We ill can bear a loſs that is ſo great.

Rox. What's to be done their paſſion to abate?

Perd. With ſome kind meſſage try to moderate
Their ſwelling rage; ——

If that works not, we their requeſt muſt yield,
Or elſe prepare for a more bloody field.
Rox. *Alcetas* then ſhall go on this affair,
And to regain them ply his utmoſt care.

Exeunt ſeverally.

SCENE VII.

Statira's Apartment.

Statira, Pariſatis, attended.

Par. Grief muſt not ſit ſo heavy on your brow,
For Love's ſake to thoſe tears ſome truce allow:
While thus our ſorrows we anticipate,
We load our ſhoulders with a double weight;
One is the allotment of the heav'nly Pow'rs,
But th' other our fore-ſtalling care procures.
Stat. 'Tis true— but then when Angry heaven ſhrowds
Its glory up in dark and ſullen clouds,
We ought to fear leaſt from thoſe clouds ſhould break,
Such ſtorms as may a fatal vengeance ſpeak.
And now my *Oroondates* is in armes,
Nothing but tears can give me pleaſing charmes.
Par. Siſter, juſt tears you do not hear me blame,
'Tis only the exceſs which I condemn:
I have as great a cauſe to mourn as you,
For I've a Brother, and a Lover too;
And ſome few tears I do my eyes allow.
But ——
Such floods as yours no grief can juſtify;
They prove like oyl, and make the flame burn high.
Stat. Yet they'll prepare me better to ſubmit
To all that in the Book of Fate is writ.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Perdiccas.

Perd. The Gods, who find more juſtice in our pray'rs,
Then, Madam, in the torrent of your tears;
Have from our walls our Enemies at length
Repuls'd, and quite defeated all their ſtrength.
But, Madam, as this news may make you grieve,
I bring you ſomething may your fears relieve:
Prince *Oroondates* now, from whom alone
Y' expect deliv'rance, is in *Babilon*.
Stat. His party routed? ——
—— *Perd.* Yes.
Stat. And is he here?
Perd. Madam, he is, — But as a priſoner.
Though juſtly yet you may ſuſpend your fear.
Since in *Roxana's* hands he is ſecur'd;
You know how much ſhe has for him endur'd.
Stat. At his Captivity you may be glad,
Whil'ſt he a Foe, you little ſafety had:
But ſhould this news prove falſe, your Policy
Is us'd in vain; —— neither his liberty,
Nor fetters, e're ſhall ſo effectual prove,
To make me my reſolved thoughts remove.
Perd. From's bonds I do not think your change to meet,
Yet from it I may hope this benefit;
If to *Roxana's* Love he firſt comply,
You're diſoblig'd from further conſtancy.
Stat. If *Oroondates* could his Vows decline,
It ne're ſhould give Authority to mine.
Perd. But you may then more mild and gentle prove,
To him, who, adores you with the greateſt Love;
Love's fire within me does ſo fiercely glow,
My heart flames out in Sacrifice to you:

Grant

Grant it some favour, *Madam*, in your breast,
And entertain it as a welcome guest.
Your pity, which can never do you harm,
Will keep me from consuming, like a Charm.
Stat. If common pity will your pain relieve,
That is an Alms I'll not refuse to give.
But could I, Sir, resemble your desires,
In answ'ring them with the like scorching fires;
We our own Executioners should prove,
And burn up one another with our Love.
Throw water on the flame, and you'll no doubt
Quickly get Master on't, and put it out.
Perd. The flame of Love no water can asswage,
It makes it blaze, and roar with fiercer rage.
Stat. 'Tis 'cause you don't ———
Fling on fresh buckets at a faster rate;
A close supply its fury would abate.
Perd. I'am quite tir'd out, just like an o'r-wrought Beast
That's sinking, being with too much weight oppress.
Stat. Then you should out aloud for succour cry,
To ease you in this sad Necessity.
Perd. Oh! 'tis you only that can succour give,
And reaching out to death can make me live.
Stat. Speak then, and you shall see that I will prove
So kind, to give you any thing, — but Love.
Perd. But Love! — and that's the only thing I crave,
Without it I were better in my grave.
Stat. From me you n'er must look to have that grant,
I am resolv'd not to supply the want.
Perdiccas shall not, with his subt'lest art,
Succeed the King in his *Statira's* heart.
Perd. Gods! is't so great a crime as you abhor,
To love that Beauty I should but adore? } *Aside.*
Why did you give her such resistless fire, }
And mee but with a tinder soul inspire. }

You are unjuſt to make it be my Fate,
To periſh by thoſe flames which you create. } *Aſide.*
Though your diſdains be great, I'll not neglect [*Turning to her.*
T'oblige you ſtill with a moſt high reſpect:
And if my ſervices can powerful prove,
They ſhall advance the Int'reſt of my Love. [*Exit Per.*

SCENE IX.

Sta. How do the Gods this wretched life purſue,
Afflicting ſtill, as I o'recome, a new!
But what offence has *Oroondates* done,
Thoſe pow'rs require ſuch an Oblation?
Par. We ſhould not his Captivity ſuſpect,
To be of his misfortune an effect:
For now he is *Roxana*'s priſoner,
The ſafety of his life you need not fear.
She too much loves him, ——
Not to divert what miſchiefs e'r may riſe
'Gainſt him, from's Rivals, or his Enemies.
Sta. Ah! Siſter, is it poſſible that you
Roxana's ſpirit ſhould no better know?
Our own ill fortune ſpeaks it but too plain,
After all gentle wayes ſh'as try'd in vain
With him, there is not that extremity,
To which ſhe is not blindly like to flie.
But ſhe, perhaps, the Prince may ſoon oblige, [*Jealouſie.*]
Then there will be no need to raiſe a Siege.
If 'gainſt her Charms he ſhould himſelf oppoſe,
His love for me he by hard Fate may loſe.
Par. 'Tis an unpardon'd injury you've done
The Prince, whoſe faithfulneſs ſo long you've known;
Are theſe ungrateful fears the due rewards
Of his high merits, and devout regards?

Sta. My

Sta. My Crime's confeſs'd, dear Siſter, for I know
Since *Oroondates*'s Vertue cannot bow;
His conſtant Love for me his Actions ſhow.
This is the onely happineſs I meet,
Of which my fortune has not robb'd me yet:
But when Fate ſhall me of that Bliſs deprive,
May Heaven then grant that I no longer live. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. A Camp.

Artaxerxes, Berenice.

Arta. Ah! Let this day henceforth ne'r know a name, } *Aſide*
Which onely ſerv'd to light me to my ſhame.
Madam, Grief racks me ſo I cannot tell
The ſad confuſion that our Arms befell.
But Fate has ſo malicious to us been,
Would I were nothing, rather than have ſeen.
It took our men away ſo thick and faſt,
That Death himſelf ſeem'd out of breath with haſt.
Ber. But this is not the utmoſt you can tell,
I fear yet worſe, — ſpeak, — is my Brother well?
After a pauſe.
Oh! by your ſilence you ſo much have ſed,
That does, oh Heav'ns! convince me he is dead.
Arta. Madam he lives, —— but by his Deſtiny,
He's made a priſ'ner to the Enemy.
Ber. Oh, treachery of Fortune! to appear
Smiling, and yet be tyrant-like ſevere.
Thus is my life ſtill by freſh griefs prolong'd,
As waves by waves, and ſtiffning gales are throng'd.
Too fatal is the News that you impart,
It rends, and ſure will burſt my lab'ring heart.
Arta. Let not theſe tranſports carry you too far;
There is no room ſo early to deſpair.
Chance, Madam, like the God of Love, is blind,
And in ſwift motion does out-ride the wind:

Too

To day it did to th' adverſe party lean,
But it will quickly tack about again,
And come to us; —— its chief Prerogative,
Is, what it takes this hour, the next to give.
I'll with our Foes once more for Fight prepare,
And from their hands I'll *Oroondates* tear.
Yes, I can do't, inſpir'd by your bright Charms,
I'll bring him back a preſent to your Arms.

Ber. But do not you become like Fortune blind,
Firſt cool this boiling paſſion of your mind:
I fear th' event of what you'd now perform,
And that it threatens a more fatal ſtorm.

Arta. Fatal! what can to her more fatal prove, } *Aſide.*
Excepts ſhe fears the ruin of her Love. }
Ah! Madam, I was born for your Commands,
Each word you ſpeak will bind, or looſe my Hands:
But may I ſtill retain a Lovers Name,
Though no new Trophies do inlarge my Fame?

Ber. How can you, Sir, in this misfortune prove,
So much at leaſure to diſcourſe of Love?

Arta. Love's the great buſineſs of this World below,
To that all other intereſts muſt bow:
The Mightieſt Monarchs lay their Greatneſs by,
To Court more tempting Glories in an Eye:
Love makes them ſoon their *Majeſty* forget,
And to its Pow'r, like creeping Slaves, ſubmit.
But Madam ——
At my return you made a Sacred Vow,
That upon me you would your Love beſtow.

Ber. But your requeſts how ſhall I learn to grant,
When the performance of your Vows I want?
Go, by diſcharging your important truſt,
Acquit your ſelf, and teach me to be juſt.

Arta. Madam *Seleucus* and *Nearchus* are
Gone to the Enemies Camp 'bout this affair;
They have reſolved his Liberty to gain,

Or

Or else no longer on their side remain:
But they their Forces will with ours unite,
To rescue him, and their own wrongs requite.

SCENE XI.

Enter *a Messenger.*

Mess. ——— *Araxis*, Sir is come,
And does without the Camp your presence wait.
Arta. Madam, he will their whole Success relate.
But since they're not return'd, I hope to hear,
That *Oroondates* from his Chains is clear.
Heav'n sometimes hid in thickest masks of night,
Breaks suddenly in pointed Rayes of light.

Exeunt Omnes.

Finis Actus Primi.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Oroondates's *Apartment.*

Roxana, Oroondates, *Guards*, *Attendants.*

Rox. PRince I am coming now to render you,
What to your Birth and Vertue is a due:
And Since the Gods you to our pow'r commit,
Your Fortune shall not be the worse for it:
Tho you could not expect it as you are
Our Enemie, and Pris'ner too of War.

Oroon.

Oroon. Your *Majesty* does take a care too great,
Which I have never merited as yet:
And undeservedly this Favour show
To him, who both your Pris'ner is, and Foe.
Rox. Though you declare your self my Enemy,
Yet, *Oroondates*, yours I cannot be:
That Name's too cruel for *Roxana's* Breast,
'Tis only gentle Love must there be guest:
And shall your thoughts keep still in their first state,
Unchangeable, like the Decrees of Fate?
Are you resolv'd my flame shall fruitless prove,
And never in the least have pow'r to move
Your hard remorseless heart? — there might be seen,
Methinks, some small compliance for a Queen.
Oroon. I thought in the condition I am now,
I should be free from being reproach'd by you:
But Madam, since so freely you've made known,
Your Actions, give me leave to speak my own.
Your Enemy I still declare I am,
And hate the very mention of your Name:
You've torn away my happiness, and are
Of all my Joys the cruel Ravisher.
By your Inhumane Cruelty and Pride,
Statira, and her Sister too, had died;
But that *Perdiccas*, through the Flame he bore
My Princess, did so foul a deed abhor.
And can you now my just resentments blame,
After these gallant Marks of your high flame?
Rox. Cease your reproaches, Prince, for what I've done,
As Actions that are worthy mee I own:
If they were common to inferiour Blood,
I would not Act them, nor could they be good.
But now so much above my Sex I go,
(Yes, and perhaps above my Humour too)
That to the World does evidently prove,
They are the marks of my excessive Love.

Oroon.

Oroon. That Heart which you by kindneſs cannot win,
You ne'r muſt think by Sieges to get in:
To uſe ſuch Cruelties and Arts, does ſhow,
What you have done, none but your ſelf would do.

Rox. Have you forgot how ſhe her ſelf withdrew,
And from her haughty preſence baniſh'd you?
Then when you came her liberty to get,
And, daring Fortune, ventur'd life for it.

Oroon. 'Twas you, Tyrannick Queen, paſt that Decree,
Roxana, not *Statira*, baniſh'd me;
'Twas a high Act of Generoſity!

Rox. For my Repoſe, and for my Honour too,
I've had a value, but too great, for you.
For you (I bluſh to ſpeak it) I did burn,
Who requites Love with an ungrateful ſcorn;
When you, though for our ruin arm'd, did fight
Before our Walls ——
I could not wiſh you further out of ſight:
But when againſt me you took up your Arms,
In them *Roxana* for your ſake found Charms.

Oroon. Far diff'rent are theſe proofs of Love you ſhow,
From thoſe *Statira* would on me beſtow;
And my Queen's Vertue is ſo pure, that ſhe
Merits a ſervice of Eternitie.
Oh! I'm too proud by this advantage grown,
Another joy or happineſs to own.

Rox. If your eſteem's ſo great, ne'r hope that ſhe
Will, kindly to acknowledge it, get free:
She's in *Perdiccas* pow'r, who does declare,
He'll rather periſh, than abandon her:
And you your ſelf, Sir, may remember this,
That you my priſ'ner are, as ſhe is his.

Oroon. Madam, This Body is ſo, but the Soul
'S above the reach of any to controul:
Or if it be imprison'd, 'tis in one
That can, or will, not give 't exemption.

Though thus confin'd, to heighten your despair,
On Wings of Sighs I'll send my Love to Her;
Our Souls shall meet and mingle in the Air.

Rox. Desist, vain Man, henceforth if you betray,
Your Love in sighs to th' Princess to convey;
I'll spoil th' Amour, and stab 'em in the way.

Exit Rox.

SCENE II.

Roxana's *Pallace.*

Cass. Though she's my Queen, yet none can nobler love;
My patience and submission that does prove.
I've serv'd her with the most extream respect,
She from the meanest Lover could exact,
Yet still *Roxana* does my flame reject.
E're *Alexander* dy'd, she Love did bear
To *Oroondates*, which still reigns in her;
And for a Captive must I slighted be,
Who proudly boasts in Chains his Victorie?
— No, — the Usurper of her Love shall die.
But here she comes with such a Charming Meen,
Rage quits my Breast, and gentle Love gets in.

SCENE III.

Enter Roxana, *Attendants.*

Cass. Madam, You come from doing such a grace,
The Action speaks you gen'rous to excess:
But if your Majesty this day had seen
The Posture which your Prisoner was in,
As I saw him; when at our Walls he stood,
Dreadfully fighting, all besmear'd with blood:

Strength-

Strength'ning his Men, when all their hearts were down,
With an aſtoniſhing courage of his own;
Perhaps, you'd have reſented more his Crime,
And not been in ſuch haſte to viſit him.

Rox. His Quality exacted has from me,
What you miſcall a Generoſitie,

Caſſ. That he is worthy of it, is moſt true;
But chiefly 'cauſe he is belov'd by you.
Yet, Madam, you could not have honour'd one,
More fiercely bent to your deſtruction.

Rox. So Generous an Enemy as He,
In whatſoe'r condition he can be,
More grateful and more lovely does appear,
Then can a baſe and cow'rdly friend, by far:
And I bluſh leſs, that to the Prince I bend,
An Enemy, than unto you, a friend.

[*Exit Rox.*

SCENE IV.

Caſſ. Queen, ſince your Captive you ſo highly prize,
Your Love becomes his Crime, and for't he dies.
Rather than ſlights indure, or quiet loſe,
His blood ſhall be the price of my repoſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Roxana, Perdiccas, *Attendants.*

Per. Alcetas, Madam, has ſometime been from
The diſoblig'd *Seleucus* Lodgings come.

Rox. My Lord, How were our reaſons by him heard?

Per. With but a mean, and very ſlight regard.
He ſays their Friendſhip which we did deſpiſe,
Has made them now become our Enemies.

And though ſo quickly we could change our mind,
Like Weather-cocks which turn with ev'ry wind,
Yet their reſolves, as firm as Fate, they bind.
They 've kindly ſent us notice to prepare
For the worſt miſeries that attend on war.

Rox. Ah! What *Perdiccas*, had we beſt to do?
Thus we're not able to withſtand the Foe.
Our ſtrength is weaken'd, but theirs double made,
They'll beat us with thoſe pow'rs ſhould be our aid.

Per. Madam, if it be ſo deſign'd by Fate,
We muſt ſubmit to be unfortunate:
But if their now loſt Friendſhip you'd retrieve,
You *Oroondates* muſt reſolve to give.

Rox. What is't you ſay? — the *Scythian Prince* reſtore?
Oh! good *Perdiccas*, let me hear no more!
I ne'r ſhall of ſo ſoft a humour prove,
To pleaſe them with the Shipwrack of my Love.

Per. Then we muſt dare our Fortune, and be brave,
For it is all the Refuge that we have.
Madam, my Life, and all's at your Command,
Whil'ſt I've a Sword, I will their pow'r withſtand.
I'll do my utmoſt to preſerve him yours,
Fate may be kind, and ſend us happy hours.
But firſt I'll to my Princeſs go and try,
If ſhe ſtill keeps in her proud conſtancy. *Aſide.*

[*Exit Per.*

SCENE VI.

Rox. Though my misfortunes do appear ſo great,
Roxana cannot yet her Love forget:
If I could once get Miſtriſs of my ſoul,
And from my Breaſt this ſturdy paſſion pull;
Proud *Oroondates* ſoon ſhould meet his Grave,
Who triumphs that he makes a Queen his Slave.

[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Statira's Apartment.

Statira, Perdiccas.

Per. Madam, I'm come to wait upon you now,
That I your laſt Reſolves might fully know.
My pow'r's unbounded, and will reach too far,
If once you ſtir it up unto deſpair.
Then feed my Love, leaſt my juſt rage ſhould prove
Fatally pointed againſt Him you love.

Sta. Fate both our Lives has twiſted in one twine,
And when you cut off his, you'll cut off mine.

Per. Death dares not ſeize your life ——

Sta. —— that hour he dies,
My Soul ſhall take a haſty flight to his.
Ah! Prince has Heav'n brought you ſo near to me,
To make you fall by your worſt Enemy! } *Aſide, but over-heard by* Perdiccas.
After ſo many dangers you did 'ſcape,
Muſt you meet Death at laſt by ſuch a Rape?
Yee Gods! have pity on him I adore,
And ſince you have done this, do ſomething more.

Per. So great a paſſion for the Prince to ſhow,
Was the worſt Office you for him could do:
For now, though I was ſure to have my fall,
And with me cruſh to duſt this mighty Ball;
The prince I would not ſuffer to ſurvive
My hopes, when once they've loſt their pow'r to live.
Yet through that great reſpect to you I bear,
I for a while ſhall my revenge defer:
And with obliging actions ſtill purſue,
To try if they have power to ſoften you.
But if in vain all my ſubmiſſions prove,
He ſhall not triumph o'r my ſlighted Love.

And if I fall, my Rival shall fall too.

Sta. Go, act the utmost that thy rage can do.
But by the Gods I swear the Prince's death,
Shall make you see expire my lateſt breath.
Yes, and this too shall the last minute be,
Till I see him, that you shall e'r see me.

Per. How, Madam, see the Prince? it cannot be.
Gods, it must not ——

Sta. —— Do't, or ne'r see me more.

Per. I cann't deny the Princeſs I adore. [*Passionately.*
Madam, this hard requeſt you shall obtain,
If possibly *Roxana* I can gain.
But you may fear that from the Enterview,
There will but small advantage to you grow.
'Tis on that usage you to me shall give,
His hinge of Fate does turn, to die, —— or live.
If Reason rules his Love, th'requeſt he'll make,
You would his Int'reſt and his Love forsake:
And upon that succeſs depends alone,
Either his Death, or Preſervation. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Pallace Royal.

Roxana Sola.

Rox. Unkind *Oroondates*! must I be
The subject of your scorn and crueltie?
Does making love my gift deſerve such slight,
That it no other way you will requite?
I'll be reveng'd ——
But —— something does within me countermand:
Alas! I find my heart reſtrains my hand.
In vain are all my hopes to meet relief,

Since

Since I'm my ſelf the cauſe of all my grief.
To gain a pow'r, we ſhould a paſſion hide,
But I made love, and that has rais'd his pride:
And 'tis *Statira* does the Scale o'rpoiſe,
Whil'ſt ſhe's alive, I muſt not look for joys.
No, it is by her death I eaſe muſt have;
I'll either give her, or my ſelf a Grave.

SCENE IX.

Enter Perdiccas.

My Lord, I hope you have my Rival ſeen,
And pray, what news is from that haughty Queen?
Will you relate to me the paſſages?

Per. The Gods as yet have giv'n but ill ſucceſs.
But, Madam, I have hopes, if you will prove
But kind to me, that I may gain her Love.

Rox. If your good fortune does on me rely,
Perdiccas, doubt not but that I'll comply.

Per. Statira, Madam, does demand of me,
That ſhe this night may *Oroondates* ſee.

Rox. Ha! is my Rival grown ſo inſolent? } *Aſide.*
Let her take heed ſhe don't at laſt repent. }
My Lord, I cannot grant an Enterview,
That will prove fatal both to me and you.
Alas! already but too much he has
Been with her, for the quiet of our dayes.

Per. Madam, my Guards I've order'd to be there,
To mind their Actions, and Diſcourſes hear.

Rox. How readily you have found out a way,
Both to deceive your ſelf, and me betray!
D'ye think that ſo imprudent they will prove,
In loud Diſcourſes to declare their Love?
No, when they find they have ſuch careful ſpies,
They'll ſpeak to one another with their eyes.

Each

Each ſigh they fetch, its meaning will betray,
And ev'ry tear explain what it would ſay.
You know not the effect of ſuch a deed.

Per. When we oblige, we may ſome merit plead.

Rox. But o'r the will that has not any force.

Per. Yet obligation never made one worſe.

Rox. Of my deſerts in Love, if I might boaſt,
I beſt deſerve him, 'cauſe I love him moſt.

Per. And, Madam, if your Love for him be ſuch,
Can you for him think any thing too much?

Rox. On this a dang'rous conſequence enſues,
Therefore, my Lord, I juſtly may refuſe. ——
He to deſtroy my Love, this Boon requir'd.

Per. Was then this favour by the Prince deſir'd?

Rox. Yes, but I did deny him that requeſt,
So much deſtructive to my Intereſt.

Per. At firſt demand of it my Love did ſtart,
And all my blood went to ſupport my heart.
But forcive reaſon me did plainly ſhow,
There could no diſadvadtage from it grow.
To fair *Statira's* will I did ſubmit,
And promis'd her I would indeavour it.
— Madam, my hope's from you, ——

Rox. —— My Lord, I'll try [*After a Pauſe.*]
With your deſires to make my heart comply.

Per. Worſe than our Fate is now it cannot be;
By theſe Reflections ——

Rox. —— You have conqu'red me.
But in what order would you have me go?

Per. Let him your mind in a ſhort Miſſive know.
Pray truſt the reſt unto my management,
My Int'reſt equals yours ——

Rox. —— I am content.
This Act being great, perhaps, his mind may move,
And be a proſperous Agent in my Love.

SCENE

SCENE X.

Oroondates's *Apartment.*

Oroondates Solus.

Oroon. How many dangers have I ſafe out-run,
And yet the worſt I have but juſt begun!
Here I am kept a pris'ner by the Queen,
Who hopes by this way ſhe my Love may win.
I would be kind and grateful, but ſhall ne'r
Unfix my Love, to place it upon her.
If I could turn it unto her I hate,
It would be then but a meer Love of State.
Beſides, could I a flame for her admit,
Roxana but by halves would cheriſh it.
How ſhe deny'd, (a ſign ſhe ſighs for me!)
I but one moment ſhould *Statira* ſee?
And againſt her ſhe did ſuch threatnings breath,
As did determine in no leſs than death. ——
But here *Arbates* comes, her Confident.

SCENE XI.

Enter Arbates.

Sir, By the Queen *Roxana* I am ſent,
Who ſays that in this Letter you will find
The ſettled reſolution of her mind ——

[*Delivers a Letter and Exit.*]

SCENE XII.

Ah! how my Vertue yields to Jealouſie!
And fain, into what moſt it fears, would pry.

Reſtleſs, I'm toſt betwixt deſpair and hope;
This ſinks me low, the other is my prop:
But I muſt know my doom; ——— ſo great a fear
Is the worſt torment Fleſh and Blood can bear.

[*Opens and reads.*]

My LORD!

YOu are permitted to ſee my Rival, according to your deſire, but it is not meant you ſhould make uſe of the favour to the Ruin of thoſe who grant it you. It is in your power to turn it to your advantage, if you uſe it as prudence would adviſe you; and in councelling Statira *not to think of you any more: You ought to receive the counſel ſhe will give you to looſe all thoughts of her. This is the way you ought to follow, if you love her life, ſince it ſhall meerly depend upon the ſucceſs of this Enterview.*

ROXANA.

Ye mighty Powers! how ſubtle are your wayes!
How are they all encircled in the Rayes
Of richeſt Mercies! ———
As gliſt'ring Stars which oft obſcur'd we find,
Yet ſtill remain the ſame the Clouds behind:
Your Judgments are ſevere, —but die withal;
And frequently in tenderneſs they fall.
Ah! and ſhall I this bleſſing now obtain,
Shall I my fair *Statira* ſee again!

I fear

I fear my Soul will with a joy ſo great
Sink, not being able to bear up the weight.
It muſt: —— for it will come wirh ſuch effort,
No humane ſtrength its violence can ſupport. [*Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Camp.

Artaxerxes, Lyſimachus.

Arta. AND they have them put off with ſuch diſgrace,
As if their pow'rs they never durſt outface.
Seleuchus and *Nearchus* could not brook
Such high contempts, but has their ſide forſook.
Lyſim. How ere to day Fate gave their Arms ſucceſs,
It made no future conqueſts ore by leaſe:
No, they will find the next enſuing war,
Shall bring their triumphs to the laſt deſpair.
Arta, Yes, our Aſſurance of thoſe friends is ſuch,
That from their Arms we may expect it much.
For their reſentments ſwell them up ſo high,
They are reſolv'd to conquer or to die.
And who dare Fate, but ſeldom vanquiſh'd are;
They prove Victorious through their brave deſpair.
Lyſim. *Lyſimachus*, my Lord, can never doubt
The Victory, ſince you're to lead us out.

Heav'n has determin'd *Babilon* ſhould bow,
And for that purpoſe has made choice of you,
For our too morrows Leader —— where you'll move
In Paths of Honour, and Commanding Love.

Arta. 'Tis True, too morrow's the deciſive day,
That will the ruin of one ſide diſplay:
The Laws of Honour I ſhall then fulfil,
And yet obey my *Berenice's* Will.
Our Souldiers ſhall too day be all my care,
To animate their Spirits for the War:
Which will I hope conclude theſe Martial Toils,
And load our Lawrels with *Luxuriant* Spoils.

[*Exit Arta.*

SCENE II.

Lyſim. Whil'ſt on the Army you your care beſtow,
Lyſimachus a greater work muſt do.
The thoughts of high plac'd Love ſo ſwiftly rowl
Thorow each paſſage of his Captive Soul;
That he can take no reſt, till he does prove,
Himſelf confirm'd in *Paviſatis* Love.
But in this enterprize ——
How many dangers muſt I undergo?
I may be taken by my greateſt Foe,
Or elſe expect, but Coward as I am,
To ſhew ſuch Fears, and wear a Lovers Name!
Let Dangers fright weak Souls, True Lovers ſhould,
Deſpiſing Dangers, wade through Seas of Blood.
The deſp'rat'ſt Acts, do meet the braveſt end,
And when Love calls, Glory does ſtill attend.
Well, to my Princeſs then my ſteps I'll guid,
I'll leap the Foord, though it be ne're ſo wide:
And Let what will be the intent of Fate,
This Reſolution nothing ſhall rebate.

SCENE III.

Statira's Apartment.

Statira, *Pariſatis*, Attendants.

Par. Repell theſe doubtful Sentiments of yours,
Fate may be kind to your unfeign'd amours.
Perdiccas ſaid, he to the Queen would ſue,
That *Oroondates* might come wait on you:
You know his power is with her ſo great,
That her Compliance mayn't be hard to get.
Sta. Theſe Fears, which have ſuch Empire o'r my mind
Will prove to be but too too juſt you'll find:
The Queen, 'tis true, *Perdiccas* does eſteem,
But ne'r in that requeſt will yield to him:
Since to her riſing jealouſies 'twill prove,
Contriv'd but for the ruin of her Love.
You cannot then condemn the pain I bear,
Till I the Queen's reception of it hear.
Par. Ah! If ſuch Fears can make you to deſpair,
You'll never be victorious in Loves War:
Reſume your Courage, and take firmer hold,
You'll out-brave Fortune, if you dare be bold.
How can *Roxana* his deſires blame,
When all his ſufferings are with hers the ſame?
Nor can you think ſhe will her fury turn
'Gainſt him, for whom ſhe does ſo fiercely burn.
For though Revenge and Pride in her do ſway,
She'll not her Reaſon, and her Love betray.
Sta. If *Oroondates* had requeſted it,
She to oblige him might perhaps ſubmit:
But when it threats her Love ſo great a wreck,
She'll ſhun the danger of it by the check.
Par. Lovers, like Gameſters, Siſter, ne'r are ſeen,

To count their losses o'r, but what they winn:
And you, like them, all thoughts of Fear should hide,
And always reckon on th' advantage side.
Sta. Sister, 'tis true, but yet we must not be,
So blind to fall into Temeritie:
Delib'rate Reason should our Actions mark,
Who walk without it, walk but in the dark.

SCENE IV.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my Lord *Perdiccas* has obtain'd
The Queen's Compliance to your last demand.
And a Diversion has design'd to show,
Till he can bring the Prince to wait on you.
He has prepar'd it in the usual place,
And hopes you'll with your Presence give it Grace.
Sta. Go, and inform your Lord I will be there [*Exit Serv.*]

SCENE V.

Surprizing Joyes does all my Blood allarm,
And gives to ev'ry Sense a Conqu'ring Charm.
Fortune her greatest kindness now has shown,
And I'm all happy in one moment grown.
Shall I once more my Belov'd Lord Embrace?
Heav'ns! how you overwhelm me with your Grace!
Par. Let Coward fear to Noble Love give place.
Fears, Sister, are the Hags of Souls, which still
Disturb and fright us 'bout some future ill.
Like Guilty Consciences, they entertain
Us with the Horrors of an endless Pain;
And do our very Reason so destroy,
We cannot find we have a Soul for joy.
Sta. How nimble did the hasty minutes move,

That

That made us happy in each other's Love!
Fleet as the Lightning cutting through the Air,
Only to ſhow its ſelf, and diſappear.
But oh! how ſlow this lazy time has gone,
Whilſt w'ave been under this privation!
It ſeem'd with ſuch a heavy pace to creep,
As though 'twere jaded or o're clogg'd with ſleep.
Propitious hours! avaunt, be dull no more,
But fly as ſwift as e'r you did before:
Unite our Arms again; — then take your eaſe,
And crawl away as Snail-like as you pleaſe.

[*Sta. Exit. cum ſuis.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Apamia, *as they are going off, and ſpeaks to* Pariſatis.

Apa. Madam, A Gentleman without does ſue,
That he in private may diſcourſe with you.
Par. —— Let him appear. [*After a Pauſe*]
[*Apam. Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Lyſimachus, *and throws away his Diſguiſe.*

Ye Heav'ns! Is it *Lyſimachus* that's here!
Lyſ. Yes Madam, Your *Lyſimachus* is come,
Before he Fights, to know of you his doom.
You are the Oracle that tells his Fate:
Oh! pity him in this deplor'd Eſtate.
Par. Ah! Sir, How ſtrangely you my heart ſurprize!
How durſt you venture in this looſe diſguiſe?
Lyſ. What is there, Madam, that Love dares nor do,

When 'tis ingag'd about the ſeeing you?
But coming through the Guards I met a Friend,
Did me this Garb for my ſafe Conduct lend,
And ſtill to paſs the more ſecurely on,
Gave me the word, by which I was not known.

Par. Your Courage I can ne're enough admire
It raiſes ſtill my Obligations higher,
But —
I dread to think the danger which you dare, —
If any ſhould diſcover who you are!

Lyſ. A Lovers Fate is rul'd by's Mrs. Eyes,
Unconſtant Chance I boldly will deſpiſe,
And if I die — I'll fall your Sacrifice.

Par. We have ſo long been abſent that I thought,
You now had *Pariſatis* quite forgot.

Lyſ. Ah! Madam, abſence does like Wind Conſpire,
To make a Lover burn in fiercer Fire:
You are the Saint to whom I always pray,
I could for ever at this Altar ſtay:
But ſuch bleſt Viſions, do like Judges prove,
They ſmile, and yet pronounce the death of Love.

Par. Your Honour now does call you to prepare
Your Armes for this laſt Fortune of the War.
Why then my Lord, do you ſo ſlowly move,
When you're to Fight for Liberty and Love?

Lyſ. May I not Madam, beg you would foretel,
Whether my Sword ſhall be invincible?

Par. Your Arms will never fail to meet ſucceſs,
Fate does entail on you that happineſs.

Lyſ. Arm'd with my Love I will to Fight retire, [*Turning aſide.*
And prove that Courage which your Charms inſpire.
This Sword ſhall, like a Comet in the Air,
Portend their Fates, who ſhall my Fury dare.

Par. And that your Arms may moſt Victorious prove,
I will ſolicite all the Pow'rs above.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE VIII.

The Banquet Room in Perdiccas *Apartment.*

Perdiccas *conducting in* Statira, Parisatis, *Attendants.* *and seats them.* Et Exit.

A SONG.

1.

THat heart that bows to the power of Love,
In the happiest Empire is found;
No joyes so sweet, or so ravishing prove,
As the joyes with which True Love is crown'd.
They are mixt with such heightned Raptures and Bliss,
That the Soul is all lost in its own Extasies.

2.

Sometimes, 'tis true, the pleasure, by fears,
Is allay'd, and sighs sadden the heart:
But Loves pains are soft, and we by our tears,
Find a way for the ease of our smart.
All their Stages are short, and they're hurried along,
Making way for new Pleasures that come in a throng.

3.

Our Charms come most from the wounds of our Love,
And its Launces make sweet our desires;
The pains we bear, so delightful do prove,
That they raise our Joyes higher and higher.
Oh! no happiness e're can these Pleasures exceed,
Which we still by our fears, and our jealousies feed.

A Dance, *which ended,*

SCENE IX.

Enter Perdiccas, *bringing in* Oroondates, *Attendants.*

Per. ——— Madam,
To ſhow you what the power of Love can do,
I've brought my Rival Prince to wait on you:
I hope the greatneſs of the Act will plead,
The awful Flame your Charms in me have bred.
And wiſh this Viſit you may ſo improve,
As not to make it fatal to your Love. [*Exit Per.*]

[Sta. *goes to* Oroon. *who is kneeling.*]

Sta. My dear lov'd Lord!
Oroon. ——— My Soul's Eternal Bliſs!
My heart's o'rewhelm'd with Loves ſweet Extaſies!
But I'm your Criminal, therefore deſire
That at your Sacred Feet I may expire.
My Love, and Life too long have Rebels been,
For the Repoſe of my Soul's Charming Queen;
But Life I'll give to expiate the Sin.
Sta. Ah! My Lov'd Lord, my *Oroondates*, riſe ——
Pardon this blind diſtraction of my Eyes.
Oroon. Ah! Madam, I all o're ſo guilty am! ——
Sta. No, you are now by me exempt from blame.
Oroon. Then do not, let me a freſh guilt contract,
By ſwerving from what Dutie's Laws exact.
Sta. But you more from the Laws of Duty go,
When ſuch neglect to my Commands you ſhow.
Oroon. If by my Zeal I an offendor prove,
Forgive the effects, of which the cauſe is Love. [*Riſing*]
Madam, It was your Beauty's influence,
That made me give this Reverent Offence.
Alas! the Gods (to whom poor Souls with low
Proſtrations at their Sacred Altars bow)
Do want ſuch high Devotion to receive,

Which at the Altar of your Eyes I give.
I my Idolatry to you do pay,
But 'tis with a leſs fervour that they pray.
Sta. My Life! my all! — I want words to expreſs. —
My Soul's reſentment of this happineſs.
The greateſt Fortune or the Queen could give,
To ſee my *Oroondates* does ſtill live,
And live for me! —
Oroon. Or may I ceaſe to be:
Link'd in theſe Arms, I ſcorn baſe Liberty.
Ah, Madam! was it then at your requeſt,
That I became thus glorioufly bleſt?
How did my Heart with trembling loſe its form,
For fear my ſight ſhould ſwell you to a ſtorm:
And I did now before your Juſtice come,
But to plead guilty, and receive my doom.
Sta. 'Twas my deſire, but I ne're thought ſo ſweet
A Bleſſing in my miſeries to meet:
Therefore being toil'd with grief, oppreſt with care,
My Soul was taking flight with my deſpair.
Oroon. Ah! Madam, at the rumour of your death,
You know how neer I was my lateſt Breath;
Yet (may I be permitted to complain,
And uſe reproaches 'gainſt my Soveraign Queen?)
My cruel Fair, unknown to me, ſtood by,
Diſguis'd, to ſee her *Oroondates* die.
Sta. Thoſe, who did give you this Relation,
(If e're to them I did my thoughts make known)
Might with the reaſons have acquainted you;
Which made me take that courſe I did purſue,
And how my Dutie's Laws, 'twas to fulfil,
I us'd ſuch rigo'rous force upon my will.
Alas! 'tis true, I did your ſight forbear,
Yet the Gods know to me 'twas very dear;
Yes, and thoſe ſufferings too for me you bore,
With broken heart, and ſighes I did deplore:

But then my King just dead, so much was due,
To's Memory, I could not think on you,
Without committing such a horrid Crime,
As would have lost me Heav'ns, and your esteem.

Oroon. Ah, Madam! ——
Too much of the Divinity you share,
To make me think that you can ever err.
And you resolve, I see, to use your Pow'r,
And all ways prove your self my Conqueror,

Sta. No, Sir, your Merits are so vastly great,
More than all I can pay you is your Debt:
Tis only they, which flood in their Excess,
And being so high, to you do seem the less.

Oroon. You load me now with such a Glorious Fate,
I reel for want of strength to bear its weight.
You give me Death, when you such Bounty give,
And place me in too high a Sphere to live.

Sta. What your Humility won't hear me name,
You by the title of desert do claim.

Oroon. Madam, This Blessing which to me you've given
Transcends the petty Gifts sent down from Heaven.
Life, Riches, Honour, — all must yield — your Love
Makes me immortal, as the Gods above.
Fate, do thy worst: my Life I'll not regard,
Since such a Heav'ns at th' end for my reward.

Sta. Ah! Sir, We must not rashly run to Death,
Heav'n is to rule our Fate, as well as Breath.

Oroon. Madam, My Fortune to your Will shall bow,
You are my Heav'n, and I'll be rul'd by you.
The chance of War, durst not your pow'r dispute,
You, and the Gods, are alike absolute.
But yet ——
Roxana still my dismal rack does prove,
And I am tortur'd by her hated Love.
She would have me adore her, and despise
The pow'rful Charms of your triumphant Eyes.

But

But by the Gods I ſwear, I ne're will do,
What baſe *Roxana* would perſwade me to.
Sta. Nor I, my *Oroondates*, ne're will prove,
True to *Perdiccas*, to be falſe to Love.
What I decree, no pow'r ſhall ever ſhake,
I fix the Reſolutions that I make.
Perdiccas too, ſhall ſee I can deſpiſe.
His hated Love, in midſt of Cruelties:
And Death from him I ſhall more highly prize.
Oroon. Ah! My Fair Queen, rather than ſee you die,
I would bequeath you as a Legacie,
And with my Life my Rival ſatisfie.
Sta. But in my Breaſt a different flame I've bred,
I'd rather, than unfaithful, ——ſee you dead.
Live then, dear Prince, either for none but me,
Or die, and that way prove your conſtancy.
E're to my Rival I could you bequeath,
I could commit you to the hands of death.
Oroon. And can you fear to find me e're untrue,
Since I have all my life, and hopes from you?
You may be ſure I'll die, but that I'll prove
My due regards to all the Rights of Love.

SCENE X.

Enter Arbates.

Arb. The Queen has ſent me, Sir, to let you know,
She your Converſe no longer will allow.
Oroon. Ah! Madam, We our Maſters muſt obey,
Though they command us cruelly away:
But it is with this firm reſolve I part,
Fixt to your Breaſt, its Sphere, to leave my heart.
Sta. And this aſſurance of my Love I'll give,
Never for any, but for you to live.

Oroon.

Oroon. Ah! Madam, From your presence now I go,
As the Religious from their Temples do,
When hall'd, and driven by the rude prophane;
The Sacred Place they leave their thoughts retain:
So where my Fortune ever me shall bear,
My Breast shall always your Idea wear.

Exeunt severally with Guards.

Finis Actus Tertii.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Oroondates *Apartment.*

Cassander, Oroondates.

Oroon. CAssander here! — ha! — how his Eye-balls rowl;
Those looks denote a Tempest in his Soul.
— To his Souldiers as without.
Cass. Make good this place — by Heav'ns if you permit
One to come in, your Lives shall pay for it.
Swell big with joy, my Soul, for thy kind Fate } *Aside,*
Has brought thee here to make thee Fortunate. }
Oroon. Ha! Your distracted looks make me incline }
To think you have a treacherous design }
Upon some Life, speak, Traitor, is it mine?
Cass. Yes, Prince, for my Resentments have decreed,
Together with your Fate, that you shall bleed.
Oroon. Come on, thou kind promoter of my Love,
I gain Eternal Bliss by this remove:

In

In th' other World I'll wander till I find
My Fair *Statira*, has by death prov'd kind:
Then in the Heav'ns we will enjoy our Love;
But if the Ambitious Gods my Rivals prove,
I'll act the *Phaeton* of my Mrs Eyes,
And with her Rayes I'll fire their Pallaces,
And make one Comet of the ſpacious Skies.
That done, —
Out of the Chaos of the Heav'ns I'll make,
One Glorious Structure for my Princeſs ſake:
She then ſhall reign, and th' Under-world no more
Shall any other Deity implore,
But my *Statira's* Beauties power adore.
Strike, ſtrike, thou welcome Miniſter of Fate.

Caſſ. That future Bliſs, he aims at, does abate
My ſwelling Rage: — He happineſs will gain
By's death — and th' Queen for his ſake may diſdain
My exceſſive Love: Rival, could I but win
My Queen without thy Death —
By me your happineſs ſhould ne're begin —
But —
Thy Life has been my Fate, my Love has croſt,
That on the Billows of deſpair 'tis toſt:
But thus, thy Soul ſhall ſteer me to my coaſt.

SCENE III.

Offers to ſtab him, but is prevented by Roxana, *who preſents a dagger to* Caſſander's *Breaſt — Enter* Rox.*pty*, & Caſ.*party*

Enter Roxana, *Guards, Attendants*

Rox. And thus, bold Traytor, I'll thy Life remove;
How dare y' invade the object of my Love?

Caſſ. Gods! is *Roxana* here! [*Aſide.*]

Oroon. To be reliev'd by her whom moſt I hate,
How am I ſtill tormented by my Fate! *Aſide.*

Rox. Guards, ſeize the Villain.

Caſ.

Cass. —— *Cassander*, wake, } *Aside,*
Thy Love, Repose, and Life are all at stake.
Proud Queen, your scorns my fury shall inrage,
And did the Gods with you 'gainst me ingage:
Back'd with Revenge I would their pow'r despise, } Exit Cass. &
Chasing them through the Regions of the Skies; } *his party beat off by*
I'de force them to yield up their Deities. } Roxana's.

SCENE III.

Rox. Now Prince — how must this Obligation be
Receiv'd, — still as a Fatal Courtesie?
Where had you been but in the Shades below,
If I had not kept off that dreadful blow.
Cassander was so resolute to give?
Remember, Sir, by whom it is you live.

Oroon. I must confess, if I that life did prize,
Which you preserve but for new Cruelties:
The Obligation would be then so great,
That, Bankrupt-like, I could not pay the Debt.

Rox. Yet Bankrupts, as in Justice they are bound,
Do first with their Chief Creditors Compound.

Oroon. That Madam, I most willingly will do,
You shall have all I'm able to bestow.
I own *Cassander* did my Life pursue,
And I acknowledge 'twas preserv'd by you:
And now I would (witness y' Eternal Pow'rs,)
Give back that Life again to rescue yours.

Oroon. And is this all? — this, Sir, does only prove
Th' effects of Generosity, not Love.

Oroon. If Love y' expect, another's right y' invade:
Heav'n, and my vows have me *Statira's* made,
And could I now, swerve from those vows I've giv'n,
I should alike be false to Her, and Heav'n ——

Madam,

Madam, I cannot that deſire fulfil.

Rox. The cauſe ſprings only from your ſtubborn will.
And ſince my Fate is thy proud ſcorn t' indure,
Ungrateful Prince, revenge ſhall be my cure.
Revenge againſt my Rival I will bear,
Attended with the raging of deſpair.——
If of thy heart I can't the Empire get,
Yet I'll dethrone my Rival from its Seat:
Aſſure thy ſelf that ſhe ſhall never live
Another Viſit from thee to receive.
No, — ill take care ſince you are loſt to me,
To make her by her Death be loſt to thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE IIII.

Statira's *Apartment.*

Statira, Perdiccas.

Per. Perdiccas ne're can yield you ſhall enjoy
Him, who would all his hopes and life deſtroy.

Sta. Inhumane Monſter, if thou haſt decreed,
The Prince, to ſatisfie thy rage ſhall bleed:
Purſue, and execute that black deſign; } *Pulls out a*
But if thou art his death, — this ſhall be mine. } *Dagger.*
Thus arm'd, your Love and Threatnings I deſpiſe,
For I can act my Death when e're I pleaſe.

Per. Madam, You treat me in ſo ill a ſort,
As does demonſtrate that my Love's your ſport.
I've paid as great Devotion to your Eyes,
As Heav'n receives from its chief Votaries:
And to your will my ſtrict regards have born,
Yet your return has been with pride and ſcorn.
But ſince from you my wretched Fate I bear,
It will be juſt if you the like ſhall ſhare.
Your Lov'd Prince *Oroondates* I'll remove,

His Life's the Barr that keeps me from your Love:
Yet, Madam, you his Ruin may recall:
Oh! Grant me Love, and you'll prevent his fall!

Sta. No, use thy utmost tricks of Pow'r and Art,
Yet thou shalt never gain *Statira's* Heart.
Thy Rival, unto whom my Vows I've giv'n,
Shall either here enjoy me — or in Heav'n.
Go on, but know I my own Fate command. [*Exit* Sta.

Per. You doom his death, and he shan't 'scape my hand.
[*As he is going out, he meets* Rox.

SCENE V.

Roxana, Perdiccas.

Per. Madam, My Loyalty has ever been,
Just, as it ought, to my Dead Soveraign's Queen.
Your will has been my Law, and your Command
Did my own private Interest disband.
To fix your Crown all dangers I despis'd,
Above my Life, *Roxana's* Peace I pris'd:
Now if past Actions for reward can plead,
All, Madam, I desire ——
Is that you'll pardon what I have decreed,
That *Oroondates* by my hand shall bleed.
There's nothing can my Death anticipate,
Unless I am Prince *Oroondates* Fate.
Then blame not my Resolves, — for he must die: ——
None can condemn what's a necessity.

Rox. My Lord, from your discourse this I infer,
You've sav'd my Life to be my Murtherer
Should the Prince die, I should not long survive,
Yet you an act of Grace would have me give:
'Tis granted, seeing ——
After your bold request I let you live. ——

For

For the ungrateful Captive ſhall not fall,
'Tis, I, your Queen, his Sentence will recall:
But e're this Sun does in the Ocean ſet,
Statira ſhall pay Nature her laſt debt.

Per. Though ſhe deſerves not for her proud diſdain,
The leaſt protection from my Sword to gain;
Yet, Madam, with the utmoſt of my pow'r,
I will defend her to my lateſt hour.
'Twixt her and death my Life I'll interpoſe.

Rox. But I've decreed that ſhe her Life ſhall loſe:
And if *Perdiccas* dares diſpute my will,
I'll through his Heart my Rival Princeſs kill.

[Exeunt *ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Oroondates's *Apartment.*

Oroondates Solus.

Such matchleſs pains my Tortur'd heart does bear;
I would court death in the worſt form of fear.
Fortune has been reſolv'd by me to prove,
No wrack ſo great as that of hopeleſs Love.
I never muſt poſſeſs whom I adore,
Roxana loves; — but HER I moſt abhor.
Whoſe rage is to my Princeſs ſo ſevere,
That ſhe muſt die, — to give her Empire † here
Prodigious Fate! my miſ'ries wanted yet
But this one curſe to make 'em all compleat.
My vows and heart I to *Statira* gave,
And *Oroondates* muſt his honour ſave.
When promiſes are to each other given,
They inſtantly are ratified in Heaven:
And to be perjur'd to them is to prove
Blaſphemous 'gainſt the Sacred Tyes of Love.

† *Pointing to his Breaſt.*

I to the Gods my Princeſs will reſign,
Sure to their pow'r they will their juſtice joyn,
To guard the innocent ——
And will not tamely lay their thunder by ——
For with her all the Vertuous World would die.
My Princeſs ſafety to their care I'll truſt,
As they are Gods, they cannot be unjuſt.

SCENE VII.

Enter Guards, and bind him by Surpriſe.

Oroon. Villains, from whence proceeds this inſolence?
Say, what's my Fate? ——
Capt. —— Our Queen, Sir, has decreed.
Oroon. And muſt I then for my dear Princeſs bleed?
Such Glory by my Death I ſhall receive,
That greater here would foil Heav'ns power to give,
Capt. 1in. Or live, or die, I know not; —but you muſt
Along with us. ——
Oroon. If its to death, 'tis juſt.
For ſhould I live I'd ſtill her Love deſpiſe;
But dying ——
Fall a Victim to *Statira's* Eyes [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.

Statira's *Apartment.*

Statira, *Guards, with* Oroondates *bound.*

Sta. What horrid Viſion does my ſight ſurpriſe,
Or is't the abuſive couznage of my Eyes?
Ah! By what Barb'rous Inhumanity,
Do I my Prince's Hands in Fetters ſee;
Which were for Scepters deſtin'd by the Gods,

And

And not to feel the weight of Iron Loads.

Oroon. Gods! Am I once more to my Princess brought? } *Aside*
Your pow'rs this Blessing for our Loves have wrought.
Your *Oroondates* Madam, in these Chains,
More Glory far, than in a Scepter, gains.
And these which on your Lover's hands appear,
But poorly bind, to those his heart does wear.

SCENE IX.

Enter Roxana, Arbates, Hesione, Perdiccas, *Guards, and Attendants.*

Rox. Madam, I come not now the time to waste,
With long excuses for my Actions past;
Or seek out pow'r full reasons to convince
The Justice of this dealing towr'ds the Prince;
[Because my pow'rs the Justice of my will,
That's above Law, and can do nothing ill.]
But 'tis to tell you ———
Though by your death there would to me survive
A double interest — I have let you live,
To the destroying of my own repose; ——
Which act the height of my compassion shows.
Yes, and my kindness I could still improve,
If you would yield me up the Prince's Love:
'Tis only that, and his Repentance shall
Proclaim his safety, and your fate recall.

Per. And, *Oroondates*, if you don't resign
Up your pretensions, to make way for mine,
To the Divine *Statira*, and despise
Th' attractive influence of her charming Eyes;
You shall the Fury of a Rival bear,
Keen as an Ev'ning's Wolf in her despair,

Sta. Madam, Your Beauty and your Mind are still,
Like Tyrants, never pleas'd but when they kill.

Yet, Cruel Queen, your Menaces purſue,
Life I deſpiſe, if I muſt live by you?
And in my Death not all the Gods above,
Shall for one moment make me quit my Love.

Oroon. This courſe, by which you would my Princeſs get,
Is for the greatneſs of your Courage fit:
And brave *Perdiccas* Nobly does aſpire,
To gain thoſe charms he does ſo much admire;
Setting his Valour forth in its full power.——
'Gainſt one, who is a fetter'd Priſoner:
But yet a Man that often made thee fly,
And twice repriev'd thy Life from deſtiny.

Per. I thoſe good Offices, my Lord, diſown,
Which you ſo proudly boaſt for me t'have done;
But here's no place that queſtion to debate, —
Beſides thy Breath is of too ſhort a date.
You muſt your Life, or Fair *Statira* loſe,
Adviſe with her which Deſtiny to chuſe:
If ſhe the Sentence of your Fate would bar,
She muſt reſign your Love, and mine prefer.

Rox. And you this hour *Statira's* Fate muſt give,
I know you would decree that ſhe ſhould live,
She ſhall ——
If with this one requeſt you will comply,
Quitting her Love, you will not mine deny,
For that will but reverſe her doom, — to die.

Oroon. You, for your ſafety, may conſult your Breaſt, [*to* Sta.
And take the way which ſhall diſpleaſe you leaſt;
But to be juſt, I muſt my Life purſue,
For if it reach not me, 'twill light on you.

Sta. Hold, *Oroondates*, I'm reſolv'd to die,
Statira means that Juſtice to ſupply.
But though I would have you my Death ſurvive,
'Tis not that you ſhould for *Roxana* live.

Oroon. Her Tyrant paſſion I as much deſpiſe,
As my *Statira's* generous Love I prize:

And

And if ſo baſe I prove t'out-live your Fate,
May Heav'n, my ſin the more to aggravate,
Curſe me, and joyn me to the Queen I hate.

Rox. Captive, deſiſt, and with my Love comply;
Or by the Gods ——

Oroon. —— Before I'll love, I'll die.

Rox. [*Offers to ſtab* Sta.

Then thus, raſh Man, my juſt revenge I'll take,

Sta. And I with joy ——

Welcome my Death for *Oroondates* ſake.

Per. Gods, but that muſt not be —— [Per. *prevents* Rox.

Rox. —— Traytor, how dare
Y' oppoſe my will, — be prudent, and forbear,
Or thus expect in my revenge to ſhare.

[*Preſents the Dagger to* Per. *Breaſt.*

Per. Thy Female rage I ſlight, and with this hand,
To guard her Life, I'll all your arms withſtand.

Rox. — Guards { *As the Guards go to ſeize* Per. *he draws, and his party ſides with Him, they retire.*

Arb. Ah! Do not ſuch apparant dangers run,
By thus dividing you are both undone:
Your Common Foes will at a breach ſo great,
An eaſie Conqueſt in your Ruins get;
Your Kingdom too will feel a killing ſmart,
For you your ſelves do ſtab it at the heart.

Rox. Conduct the Prince to his Apartment ſtrait, [*After a Pauſe.*]
And then, *Arbates*, for our Orders wait.

Oroon. Farewell my Love, ——
Yet e're I go, this ſolemn Oath I make,
Never to live, but for *Statira's* ſake.

Sta. The ſame make I to you: — death ſhall relieve
Us both, if in our Loves we cannot live:
Then ſhall our Souls together mounting fly,
Into the Regions of Eternity;
And in thoſe Aery Circles as we go,
We'll reap that Love we could not here below.

And in that Heav'nly Orb, like Stars, we'll move,
To teach the World true constancy in Love,

Oroon. Oh! My *Statira* —— } *They are parted and taken off severally with Guards.*

Sta. My Soul, my Life, my Love! —— *Exeunt.*

SCENE X.

Enter a Souldier.

Soul. Oh, Madam, Fly, our Foes like Torrents come,
Rouling upon us to our certain doom:
Seleucus and *Nearchus* both are met,
The Pallace with their Forces to beset:
Besides without the City's to be seen
Long Troops of Horse and glittering Armour'd Men:
And all do seem as if they would ingage
Gainst us the sharpn'd fury of their rage.

Rox. My Lord ——
Resume your Loyalty, your Rage defer,
And 'gainst approaching Foes let us appear ——

Per. No, Queen, Revenge my Boiling Breast controuls;
Hence Loyalty; — the, Curb of fearing Fools.
When Monarchs Tyrants prove, their Subjects rage
Is justified by th' Gods ——
'Gainst Tyrant Force they will their power ingage.

Rox. Rebels to mask their Treasons want no plea,
They'll with Religion cloak their Infamy:
And cry ——
'Tis Zeal for Heav'n to pull down Tyrany,
But in th' affront to Crowns Heav'n bears a part.
The Gods by us ——
Redress their wrongs upon disloyal hearts.
In vain, proud Lord, All-mighty Aids you boast.

Per. To me, and all the World *Roxana's* lost,
Urg'd by your Tyrant Will and Fury too,
What is it that *Perdiccas* dares not do?

Rox.

Rox. I can do more by my Reſentments led,
Strike with my looks thy ſlender Squadrons dead.
Defend my Rival with thy utmoſt pow'r,
Yet ſhe and you ſhall find a Conqueror.
For from your Captives boaſted Pow'r and Charms,
I'll borrow ſtrength to kill her — in thy Armes.'

Per. Retire, proud Queen, and for the Fight prepare.

Rox. You for your Fate — I for the Spoils of War.

[Exeunt *ſeverally*

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Room in Roxana's *Pallace, where* Oroondates *his Armour hangs.* —

Roxana, Heſione.

Roxana. HOw am I now to all good Fortune loſt!
Which way ſo e're I turn I ſtill am croſt:
My Enemies together do combine,
And for my Ruin all their Forces joyn.
Their Standards planted on each ſide my Walls,
Call me and mine to Deaths and Funerals:
Great *Artaxerxes* at my Gate is ſeen,
And Powerful *Lyſimachus*: — within
Perdiccas and *Caſſander* do ingage,
Againſt me with a Rival's utmoſt rage.
There's Strong *Seleucus* and *Nearchus* too; —
To all I am become the hated Foe.

Such Oppoſition I can ne're Withſtand,
Againſt ſuch pow'r what is a ſingle hand?
Ye Gods! if to your Juſtice I muſt fall,
Sink all theſe Traitors in my Burial.
One Tomb for me and *Babilon* erect,
And like your ſelves a Sacrifice exact.
And then I ſhall with ſome Contentment die,
When all with me in death and ruin lie.

Heſ. Madam, We know not yet the God's decree,

Rox. Ah! my *Heſione*, ———
I'm on the Fatal Rocks of Ruin caſt,
Not the leaſt glimpſe of hopes but what is paſt.

Heſ. One way I ſtill perceive may you protect; ——
Yet I much fear my Counſel you'll ſuſpect.

Rox. Ah! do not, Friend, my miſeries increaſe,
But ſpeak, —— if what you know can give me eaſe.

Heſ. 'Tis then to ſet the Prince of *Scythia* free,

Rox. Oh, Heavens! and art thou too my Enemy!

Heſ. His Foes with Madneſs for his Death do rave;
You'll make your Pallace be his certain Grave:
But were he free, he ſoon would ſet 'em know,
What 'tis t'ingage 'gainſt an uncommon Foe.
His oft experienc'd Vertue's known ſo great,
That this Obligement He can ne're forget.

Rox. Haſte to the Prince, and his Opinion Learn, [*Pauſes*
Tell him his ſafety is your Queen's concern:
And if you think my paſſion may him move,
Tell him all can be ſaid by one in Love.

[*Heſ. Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Arbates.

Arb. Madam, Your Enemies come on a-pace,
And will within few hours fill all this place;

You may their ſtrength on yonder Turret ſee,
As they come marching up along the Key.
Like a long Train of Clouds they do appear,
And with their Duſt they thicken all the Air.

Rox. What is't, *Arbates*, we had beſt to do?

Arb. Set free the Prince, whoſe Life they do purſue.

Rox. My Blood I'll give for his ——

Arb. —— that won't ſuffice: ——
They have deſign'd the Prince their Sacrifice.
Making outragious Clamours as they're led,
They cry, now, now for *Oroondates* Head.

Rox. Rather than they his Life from me ſhall tear,
Theſe Hands ſhall be his Executioner.

Art. Yet this way we their Fury muſt controul,
Expoſe the Body to preſerve the Soul.
Madam, Reſtore his Armes — and ſet him free:
Should he revolt — his Generoſity
Will make him prove a Noble Enemy.

Rox. Whilſt I conſider what I'd beſt to do,
Lead you my Men, and let your Valour ſhow,
At leaſt you can reſiſt, if not o'rethrow.

Arb. Madam, with joy I do this charge receive,
And hope ſuch proofs of my large pow'r to give,
As may the Juſtice of your cauſe expreſs,
And ſilence all their boaſtings of ſucceſs.
I'll go where moſt your Intereſt ſhall call,— [*Shout within*
And come with Conqueſt back, or not at all.

SCENE III.

Rox. The powr's of Heav'n againſt me now declare,
Leaving me to the effects of my deſpair:
And if the Gods our Ruin have decreed,
In vain we ſtrive 'gainſt Fate that will ſucceed.

SCENE IV.

Enter Heſione.

Rox. What mind found you the *Scythian* Captive in?
Heſ. He ſtill remains what ever he has been.
To have a tim'rous thought of Death he ſcorns;
A Nobler Courage his great Breaſt adorns.
And did he once your treach'rous Friends aſſail,
He'd ſhow the World and them who ſhould prevail.
Perdiccas then under his Sword ſhould bow,
His Death ſhould pay the Forfeit of his Vow:
And he would make *Caſſander* too declare,
Who was Great *Alexander's* Murtherer. —
Rox. Heſione, Conduct him hither ſtraight,
Tell him *Roxana* will pronounce his Fate. — [*Heſ. Exit.*]

SCENE V.

But ſhe'll take care it ſuch a one ſhall prove,
As may be moſt conforming to her Love.
Perhaps the Act that I'm about to do,
Will at once pleaſe him, and oblige him too.
'Tis vent'ring my laſt ſtakes: — the Gods may be
So kind, — to make the Dice fall fair for me.

SCENE VI.

Enter Heſione: *with* Oroondates.

Will you for ever, Prince, ungrateful prove,
Still to prefer thy Death before my Love?
I have, till now, ſecur'd thy Life, 'tis known,
Againſt thy Foes with hazard of my own:
And ſtill I wiſh that I could ſomething do,

(So

(So well I love) both for my ſelf and you.

Oroon. Your kindneſs will prove Mortal at this rate,
And bring your Lover his Apparent Fate:
You ſee with how great ſtrength my Foes appear,
Only their Rivals from your Arms to tear;
And yet my Sword you can to me deny,
Wherewith I could defeat my Enemy.
But this Act, Madam, from your Love does come,
I know it, — you would ſee my Martyrdom.

Rox. No, you ſhould find I would preſerve you ſtill,
Were but my pow'r as ſtrong as is my will?
There, Prince, thy Arms I freely do reſtore;
Go, Fight, and Conquer; — but remember her { *Gives him his*
Who for thy ſafety makes her Int'reſt bend: — { *Sword, &c.*
Lets go her Love to be ſo good a Friend.

Oroon. Ah! Madam, let me now embrace your Feet,
So high a Favour ſpeaks you truly great:
And to the Sacred Gods I make this Vow,
(If they on me the Victory beſtow,)
Although my ſelf to you I cannot give,
To ſerve your Int'reſts I will ever Live. [*Oroon. Ex.*]
[*Turning her Head away.*]

SCENE VII.

Rox. Something reſtrains me bidding him farewel,
Yet what that ſomething is, I cannot tell;
It wounds and tortures with ſo great a ſmart,
As though it aim'd to break my tender heart:
Yet I muſt ſpeak to him e're he does go; ——
Love, — I obey you; — ſince you'll have it ſo.
Farewel dear Prince, — ha! where is he become?
He has not ſure already left the Room?

Heſ. Madam, He thought you turn'd your Eyes away,
On purpoſe that he might that time obey:
Had he not took it he had never gone,

I'm ſure you could not let him, and look on;
But he expreſt, though in ſuch haſte he went,
He did your Bounty, as he ought, reſent.
Rox. Gods! I have now pull'd down upon my head,
Ev'n all the Vengeance that your pow'rs can ſhed.
This Act will give Mortality I fear,
To all that both to Heav'n and me is dear.
Ah! *Oroondates* will too ſurely die,
And 'midſt the heaps of Common Rubbiſh lie: ——
What wracking pains I feel within my Breaſt,
Too ſtrong to bear, or be by words expreſt!
But, Prince, ſince to thy Life I've been unkind,
When e're thou dieſt, I will not ſtay behind;
But bid to Empire, Life, and all adieu:
Oh! Death will then be ſweet to come to you. [*Roſ. Heſ. Ex.*]

[*A noiſe within, follow, follow, follow.*]

SCENE VIII.

Enter Arbates *and Souldiers.*

Arb. All's loſt, and we are ruin'd in the heat,
They've blockt up all the ways of our Retreat:
Unleſs you will your Courages recall,
We by their Fury muſt expect to fall.

{*Enter* Perdiccas *and* Caſſander, *and their party*, *who ingage with* Arbates, *and his party*; Arbates *is kill'd, and his party routed.* *Exeunt.*}

SCENE IX.

SCENE IX.

Roxana's *Pallace.*

Enter Oroondates *with Souldiers.*

Oroon. Follow, brave Friends, your Vallours re-aſſume,
You come not here to die, but to o'recome.
Then to the thickeſt of the Foe prepare,
And with your Noble Acts your Cauſe declare:
Conqueſt's of right the Loyal Subjects due,
With Courage then your Enemies purſue,
But ſhould you fall in this ſo brave a Cauſe,
The Gods and World would give you juſt Applauſe.
Who for his Monarch's ſafety Life does give,
Though Dead, his Name, and Loyalty ſhall live.
This Act, Brave Queen, paſt Cruelties out-vie,
For which I'll fix you in your Throne, or die.
[*Shout, Exeunt, re-enter.*

SCENE X.

The Pallace Stairs — where Perdiccas *and* Caſſander *have almoſt beaten the Queens party, — but* Oroondates, *and his Souldiers enter, and joyn the Queens party.* ——

Oroon. Hold, hold, *Perdiccas*, here's a Nobler Foe,
You have before you *Oroondates* now:
The Gods by th' Queen have giv'n this happy hour,
Which muſt decide who ſhall be Conquerour.
Per. Thoſe Gods you mention have to me prov'd kind,
Since thus my hated Enemy I find.
And they've decreed, I plainly now deſcrie,
'Tis I that muſt this Gordian Knot untie:
And thus thy Death ſhall give me Victory.

Both

Both parties Fight, Perdiccas *almost prevails.* *Enter* Seleucus *on* Oroondates's *side, with his party, and beat off* Perdiccas *party.*

Oroon. In vain they Fight, for we are Conquerours made,
Since Brave *Seleucus* comes unto our Aid.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI.

Changes to the Apartment of Statira.

Enter Statira, Pariſatis, *Attendants.*

Sta. Such diſmal Fears my Senſes do invade,
That, Siſter, of my ſelf I am afraid:
Before my Eyes, continually there ſwims,
Objects as diſmal, as Sick perſons dreams;
Which way ſo e're I turn I ſtill do hear
Diſtracting Noiſes heightning my deſpair.
Were *Oroondates* ſafe, I'd Death defie.

Pariſ. Oh! Do not, Siſter, with baſe fears comply.

Sta. Hark, hark, ——— *Noiſe of Fighting without,* Pariſ. *ſteps to the door.*
Ah, Prince, for thee I'd only wiſh to Live
But if thou'rt Dead, I ſhall not long ſurvive;
For I'll not intercede for a Reprieve.

[*Coming from the Door.*]

Par. They come, they come, the Miniſters of Fate,
At laſt they've forc'd their Entrance at the Gate:
Their haſte and rage declare our Lives muſt be
The Sacrifice to crown their Victory.

SCENE XII.

SCENE XII.

Enter Lysimachus *and* Souldiers.

Sta. Who e're thou beest that from the Queen art come,
About the Execution of my Doom;
Pause not upon the horror of the thing,
That I'm the Wife of him who was thy King,
Least you strike not, and that your Fate should bring.
Here sheath your Sword, your Tyrant Queen obey,
And let not pitty loyalty betray:
For I'm prepar'd to die ———

Lys. The Gods defend *Lysimachus* should come,
The Minister of such a horrid Doom.
Live, Live, Fair Queen, to re-possess your Throne,
For you are Sov'raign now in *Babilon.*

Sta. Par. Heav'ns! *Lysimachus!* ———

Sta. We only could for our deliverance hope,
From your great Vertue, which can Ruin stop.
We owe our Lives, *Lysimachus*, to you;
But yet from *Parisatis* there is due,
(Beside the gen'ral Obligation,)
A greater Sense of this last service done.

Par. Yes, this last Action does oblige me more,
Than any that you ever did before.
And I shall have as great a Sense of it,
As your Desires, and Honour can admit.

Lys. Of all the Glory in the World possest!
Oh how magnificently am I blest!

Par. But, my *Lysimachus*, oh! let us know
How we were made so happy by you now.

Lys. The Gods your safety by this Sword design'd,
Which with the Prince, your Brother, then was joyn'd,
When I receiv'd your first Intelligence ———
Of your Detention here, and how the Queen,

To seize your Person, brought down all her Men,
Quitting their Force, I was resolv'd to come,
Either to Conquer, or to share your Doom:
And Heav'n has made me now so Fortunate,
As to dispose you to a better Fate.

Sta. But in what posture did the Princes seem,
To be, when you did come away from them?

Lys. Such, as (I question not) will soon declare,
To them belongs the Triumphs of the War:
For when your Brother and the Prince I left,
The Enemy was of all hopes bereft;
Perdiccas then desir'd the Liberty,
His Fortune singly with the Prince to try:
For being Rivals, 'twas but just, he said,
You should the merrit of their Sword be made:
Great *Oroondates*, Madam, who was born
Not to be frighted, but all dangers scorn;
Just as I came, begg'd the same freedom too,
From all his Friends, of Fighting with his Foe:
Strait by consent they did a Circle draw,
To give each Combatant his equal Law.
And Madam, We've no cause to fear the effect;
We know who 'tis the Gods ought to protect.

Sta. Let's go, and of the dangers then partake,
Which those brave persons suffer for our sake.
And stay no longer in a place, where we,
Have met with so much inhumanity.

Lys. Great troubles height'ned still by more distress,
Prepare the way to future happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XIII.

Roxana *as in a Fort.*

Rox. I cannot tell what course to follow now,
In this Distraction under which I bow:

Yet

Yet ſuddenly I ſome reſolve muſt make,
Or ſwift-wing'd Vengeance will my Crimes o'retake.
Deaths my deſert, I know, —— but that will be
Too great a pleaſure to my Enemy:
Living, I muſt expect the ſhame to bear,
They, to reward my Cruelties, prepare.
Reſolve, *Roxana*, bravely then to die, *{Pulls out a*
And ſhow them, — this ſhall cure thy miſery, — *{Dagger.*

SCENE XIV.

Enter Statira, Pariſatis, Lyſimachus, *Attendants.*

Sta. Both ſides the Pallace are to me alike,
And each with equal Fear my Soul does ſtrike:
Methinks *Perdiccas* ſhould be coming there,
And from this part I ſhould *Roxana* hear.

Rox. Rival, ſince thou ſo happy art become,
Look up, look up, and ſee *Roxana's* doom.
Thoſe Charms which *Oroondates* now obtains,
Which I've ſo long oppos'd but yet in vain;
I will not envy them I ſhall not ſee,
Death from all troubles now ſhall ſet me free.

Sta. Hold, hold, *Roxana*, I conjure thee ſtay,
By all the pow'rs you ever did obey;
By *Alexander's* Sacred Memory,
Your Love to th' Prince, and Cruelties to me.

Rox. What makes my Rival thus Importunate,
To have me give my ſelf a truce from Fate?

Sta. As thou the Mercy of the Gods Wouldſt have,
Oh! Envy not the Glory that I crave;
Live, and repay thy Cruel Wrongs to me,
I'll not pretend right to thy Liberty:

Nor ſhall you a reproach from me receive,
Which may be in the leaſt to make you grieve.
Rox. You ſuch a Heav'n of Mercy now expreſs,
As makes the Hell of my deſpair increaſe:
But to requite the kindneſs which you ſhow,
I'll leave you *Oroondates* — with this blow.
[*Stabs her ſelf.*]

SCENE XV. *Et ultima.*

Enter Oroondates, Artaxerxes, *Attendants*, &c.

Oroon. For Heav'ns ſake, Madam, this raſh Act forbear,
Gods! is *Roxana* her own Murtherer?
Rox. Would *Oroondates* too my Death defer?
Oroon. Oh! Live, *Roxana*, I'll your Throne reſtore,
Since I've obtain'd the Princeſs I adore:
Rox. Oh! 'tis too late, — yet I could wiſh that Death
Would not too ſuddenly demand my Breath;
Since thou art preſent, Prince, to ſee me die,
My Death's rewarded with the ſight of thee.
But, Queen, though Dead, I ſtill your Rival prove,
And ever will attend on him I love:
And when his Soul, like mine, ſhall be ſet free,
I will enjoy it to Eternity, — oh! — [*Dies.*]
Oroon. Unbridled paſſion did her Life betray,
And hopeleſs Love her Reaſon did o'reſway:
And now, my Fair *Statira*, I reſtore [*Turning to her.*]
You to your Liberty, and former Pow'r.
The Gods would not *Perdiccas* Fate recall,
But did decree he by my Hand ſhould fall:
Thus with his Life I Victory did meet,
And now am come ———
To lay my new gain'd Lawrels at your feet,

Sta.

Sta. Ah! My Lov'd Lord, our mis'ries are no more,
Through many ſtorms we've ſafely reacht the Shore:
Your Valour to my ſorrows gave an end,
And you are a Queens preſerver and beſt Friend.
Receive the Debt which has been long your due, {*Giving him*
Statira wholly gives her ſelf to you. {*her Hand.*

Oroon. How Glorious is my Fortune now become,
Since in your Breaſt I ſhall poſſeſs a Room!
My happineſs does from my croſſes flow,
As Saints to Bliſs through Scorching Flames do go.
The Clouds of ſorrow are all blown away,
And ſhow the Glories of a peaceful day,

Lyſ. to *Par.* And Madam, Shall my hopes this Bleſſing find,
That Heav'n and *Pariſatis* will prove kind?

Par. My Lord, they ſhall —— your Services are ſuch,
Nothing can for their Merits be too much.
'Tis *Pariſatis* boaſt that ſhe can give,
A Heart which you ſo willingly receive.
But that ſhe grieves Heaven will not let her bring
Something more worthy of an Offering.

Lyſ. A Greater Bleſſing, Madam can't be giv'n,
You do at once poſſeſs me of all Heav'n.

Oroon. Since Brother (by the Goodneſs of my Queen,)
Our Nuptials ſhall with the next Light begin;
I can't but wiſh our ſatisfaction ſhould
Be equal in our Loves, as in our Blood.
And ſince my Siſter *Berenice* does prove
Worthy of the Brave *Artaxerxes* Love:
Your worth that confidence in me procures,
Which prompts me to conclude ſhe will be yours.

Arta. Ah! Madam, What muſt I expect from you?
Now Heav'n does ſmile, let *Berenice* ſmile too.

Ber. Since th' Heav'nly Pow'rs now have reſtor'd us peace,
This day ſhall crown each others happineſs.
For now you've kept your Vows, I will not ſtart

From

From mine, but give you *Berenice's* heart.

[*Gives her hand to Arta.*]

Oroon. I wish, my Lord, I could your Throne restore,
And with her give you up your former pow'r,
But since I can't, you in all mine shall share;
Two Monarchs may, when Friends, shine in one Sphear.

Arta. After the matchless Gift of *Berenice*,
The Empire of the World I would despise;
Yet Bravest Friend, for *Berenice's* sake,
I accept the offer you so nobly make.
And since the Gods have giv'n us this success,
I'll live with you, and keep my happiness.

Oroon. But first our Thanks we to the Gods will pay,
For all the Glorious Fortunes of this day:
The gentle Calm of Peace from Heav'n descends,
And all those Sacred Pow'rs salute us Friends,
They call us now to lay aside these Arms,
And to contemplate on Loves softer Charms;
The High Transports and Extasies of Love,
Are the next Pleasures to the Joys above.

Exeunt Omnes.

FINIS.